Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life,
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prince. O God, they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearkned to your death:
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
King. Make up to *Clifton*, i'le to S. *Nicholas Gowſey. Exit.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*?
Prince. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.
Prince. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince* of *Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Spheare,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince* of *Wales*.
Hot. Nor ſhall it *Harry*: for the houre is come,
To end the one of us; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine!
Prince. I'le make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
I'le crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. *Enter Falſtaffe.*

Fal. Well ſaid, *Hal*, to it, *Hal*. Nay, you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas: he fights with Falſtaffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe then the ſword my fleſh:

But